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CEREBUS

bi-weekly

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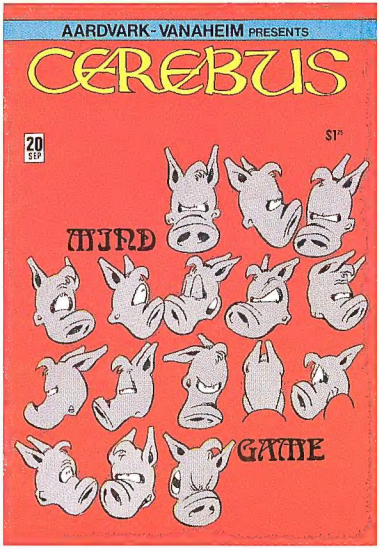

reprinting Cerebus number twenty (1980) in its entirety

August 25, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
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CIRCULATION
14,500

DAVE SIM
President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

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The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California.

CEREBUS

A Note from the Publisher

Issue 20 seems to me to be a landmark issue. Dave had been hinting for several months about this issue, so I knew that it would be special in some way. I had never, though, anticipated this!! To me it's the most enjoyable issue to date — although I am aware that I say that often enough on this page.

Not much has happened with Dave and I between the last issue and this one, so I haven't much to report on. I did hear that we were missed at Atlanta (I really shouldn't promise people a year in advance that we would be back. So much can happen in a year.). So I would like to tell those of you who were hoping we'd make it that we missed you too, and a regret that with a monthly schedule these things do happen. I am hoping that in the future we will be able to organize things better so that we have the time to do these kinds of things.

The stuffed toys, as you will see, are being produced again. Please note that the address differs from ours and we are not producing them ourselves. I'd also like to thank everyone who had to wait so long for their CEREBUS. Your patience with me was wonderful. (You also now know why I had to find someone else to do them) Sheila is an ardent aardvark-supporter, so I hope you will enjoy these as much as she does making them!

That's about it for this issue ... see you all next month.

Deni

CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is published by Aardvark-Vanaheim Press, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 1W5. Published monthly. Denise Loubert, publisher. All contents ©1980 Dave Sim. Printed by Fairway Press. Vol. 1 No. 20, September 1980.

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Dave and Gerhard will be attending the SCAM (Strip Cartoons & Associated Media) Convention August 12th, 13th in Conventry, England. For further information contact Paul Duncan at 011-44 203 257-221.

The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

"Mind Game"

CEREBUS No. 20 (September 1980)

Despite the fact that we printed a letter a while back which featured a sketch of issue No. 20's little secret, I still meet an astonishing number of Cerebus fans who don't know that the issue assembles into a giant picture of Cerebus. The idea was inspired by Neal Adams' "hidden head" trick which (so far as I know) he only did twice; once on a BEN CASEY Sunday page and once in a Deadman story in STRANGE ADVENTURES. The principle of the idea was that you draw a giant head-shot close-up of the character, then draw the panels so that unrelated background and foreground elements make up the giant head. It's an exercise in the thinking side of drawing, since the initial layout has to be conformed to, and the composing elements must retain enough individual identity to still communicate the scene in each individual panel.

The very idea that someone who is basically just employed to communicate story elements in sequential pictures would walk that extra mile for the sake of artistic integrity impresses the hell out of me.

It also induces great guilt, which should not be discounted out of hand as a motivating factor.

Here I am, freed of all artistic constraints, my income being directly tied to the sales of the book I draw, and I haven't come up with a single idea like the "hidden-head page". That was when I decided to take it a step further and do a hidden full figure, life-size of Cerebus.

I started picturing how I would do it and announced one day that everyone was to be banned from the studio. I got several enormous sheets of newsprint and taped them up on the wall, cutting them so they measured 50" by 60". I then drew the largest picture of Cerebus I had ever done before or since. I inked it very quickly with a thick marker and then cut it, the whole picture into twenty individual pages each the standard 10" by 15" size.

I tried writing the story with the layouts close at hand, but soon gave up trying to predetermine how the pages would flow and decided to improvise day-by-day, the first time I had done so since the very early issues.

It was with a great deal of fear that I showed Deni the first five pages. I mean, I didn't want the trick to be OBVIOUS. And after you've been filling in a story around giant aardvark parts for a week, you tend to become convinced that all your best efforts to hide what they are have fallen very flat, indeed.

She didn't figure it out, though and it wasn't until two weeks after the issue came out that I heard about the first fan to figure it out. (Harry Kremer told me)

Anyway, Cerebus' mental acrobatics seemed like the best way to kick off the endless complications and intrigues to come. The Illusionists versus the Cirimists in Togith. Pictures within pictures illustrating the stories within the story.

The title "Mind Game" was freely swiped from John Lennon's "Mind Games" and is respectfully dedicated to his memory.

This is a blank page. It appears here for the second time.

MIND GAME

THE MOTHER TERIM DIRECTS, AND WE, HER PRIESTESSES OBEY. WE SEEK THE DIVINE INSPIRATION WITHIN US AND WE SPREAD THE WORD OUR MOTHER, AS WE LEARN TO FACE TOWARD THE HUB OF THE WHEEL, IT IS INCUMBENT UPON US ALL TO SHOW THE PATH OF REASON, OF LOVE, AND OF OBEDIENCE TO THOSE WHO ARE UNABLE TO PERCEIVE THE SYMMETRY OF MOTHER, CHILD AND THE TRUE PATH. IT IS OUR GOAL NOT ONLY TO FIND OUR OWN ILLUMINATION, BUT TO GIVE ILLUMINATION TO OTHERS. FOR SOME WE NEED ONLY POINT THE WAY. OTHERS WE MUST LEAD. STILL OTHERS WE MUST PUSH. ABOVE ALL, WE CANNOT DISMISS ANY SOUL AS EXTRANEOUS. ALL ORIGINATE WITH THE MOTHER AND ALL MUST BE INSTRUCTED IN HER WAYS...

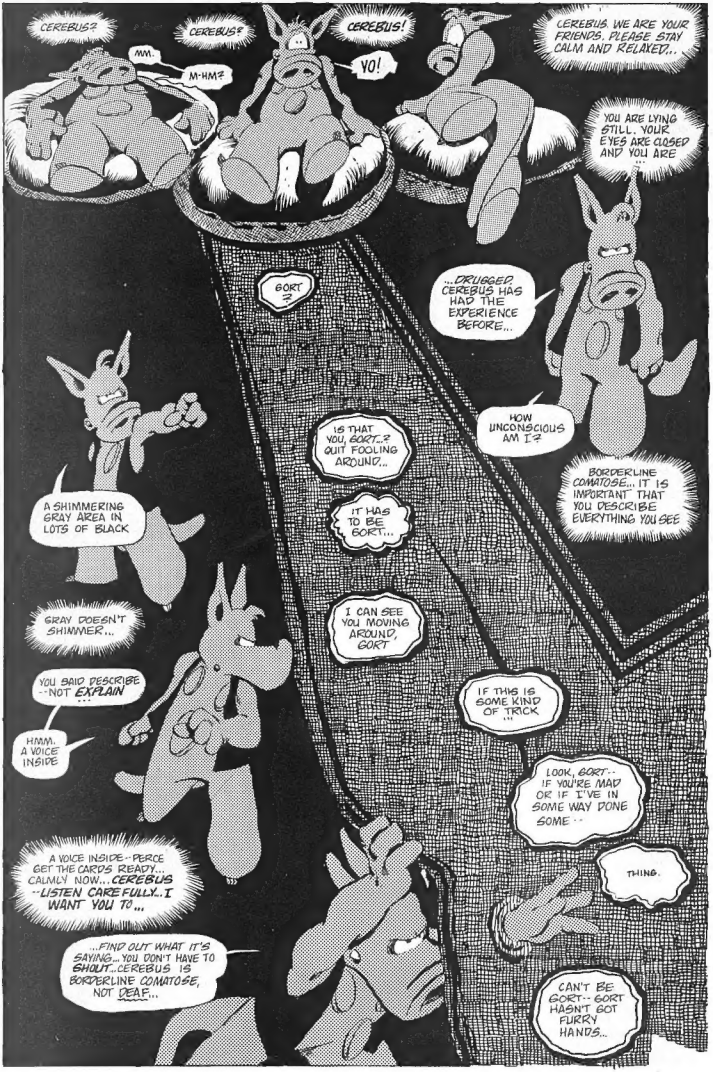
CIRIN
THE NEW MATRIARCHY

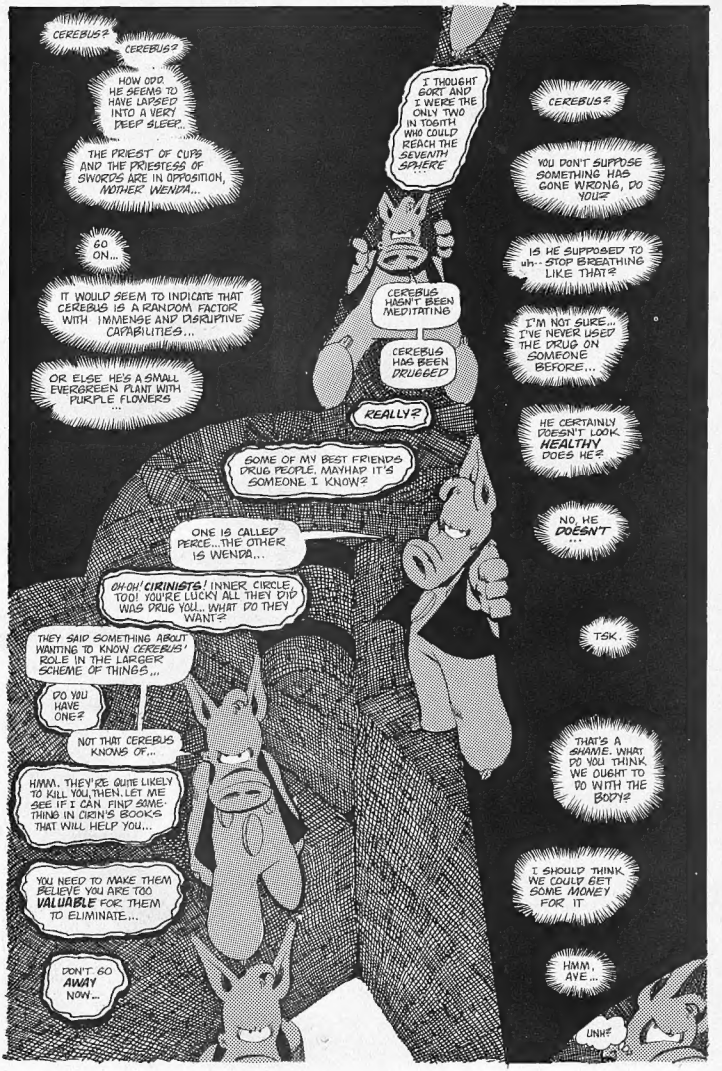
AND WHEN THE FESTIVAL REACHED ITS CLIMAX, THERE WERE FULLY ELEVEN SCORE AND TEN WITHIN THE TWENTY-THREE CONCENTRIC RINGS OF THE GREAT HALL. THE MUSIC REACHED A FEVER PITCH AND AS LORD PIG, I WAS DIRECTED TO THROW OUT THE FIRST VIRGIN, SHE WAS FOLLOWED BY TWENTY-TWO MORE AND ALL WERE ENGULFED IN SECONDS. THE GREAT FIRES WERE STOKED AND THE CHANTING SHIFTED IN MOOD AND TEMPO AND A GREAT HAZE OF BLUISH-PURPLE SMOKE SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE INNERMOST RING, TAKING THE SHAPE OF A DEMON WHO BECKONED TO ME. AN EYE BREW IN THE MIDDLE OF ITS FOREHEAD, AND SPLIT, SENDING SHOWERS OF LIGHT IN ALL DIRECTIONS WHICH BLINDED THE SWAYING MASS OF HUMANITY AT ITS FEET.

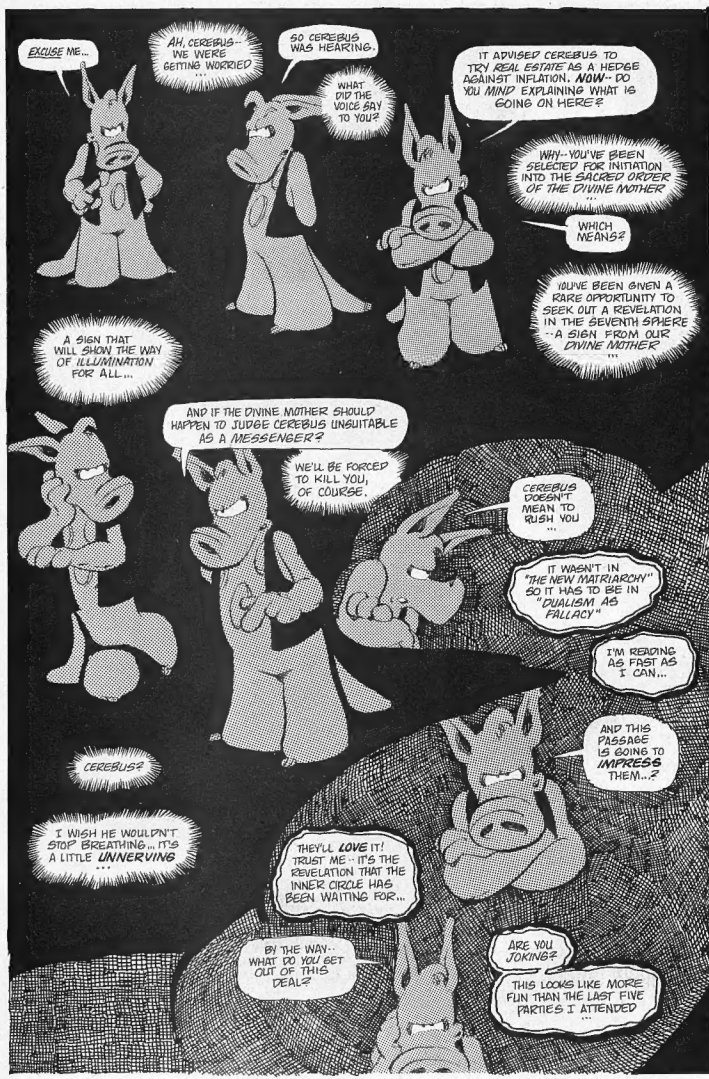
THE NEXT DAY, I PLACED AN ORDER FOR TWENTY BALES OF THE SWEET-SMELLING FLOWERTOPS AND TWENTY-ONE SACKS OF SEEDS.

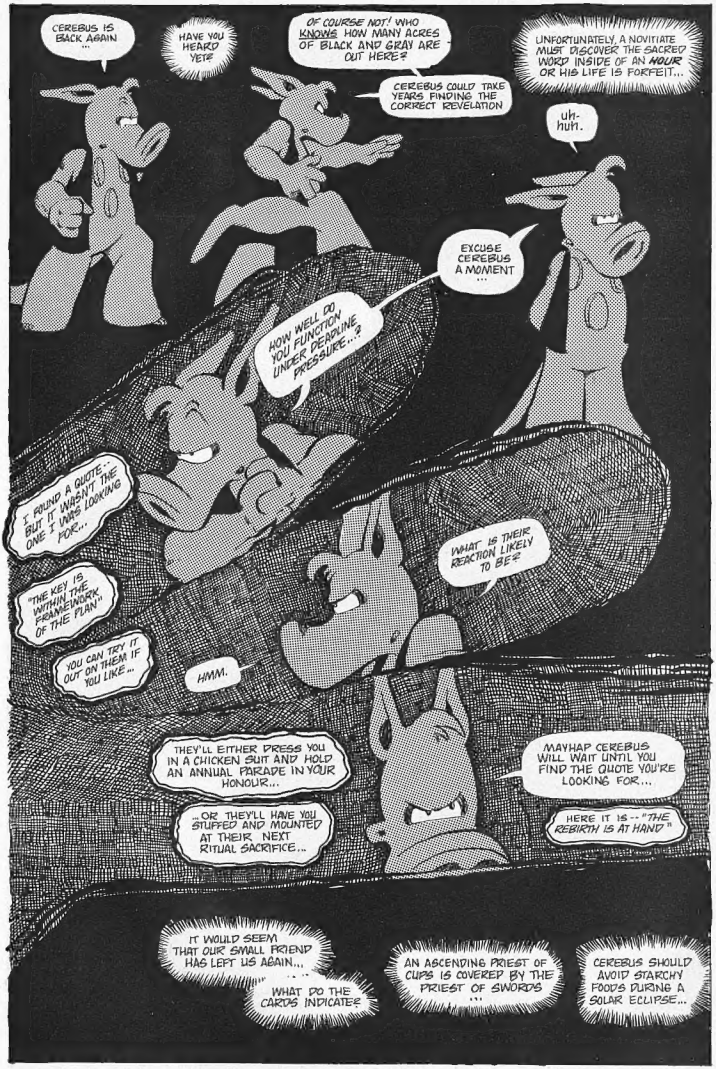
INNEC STARVM
MY MONTHS AS PALNU'S GRANDLORD

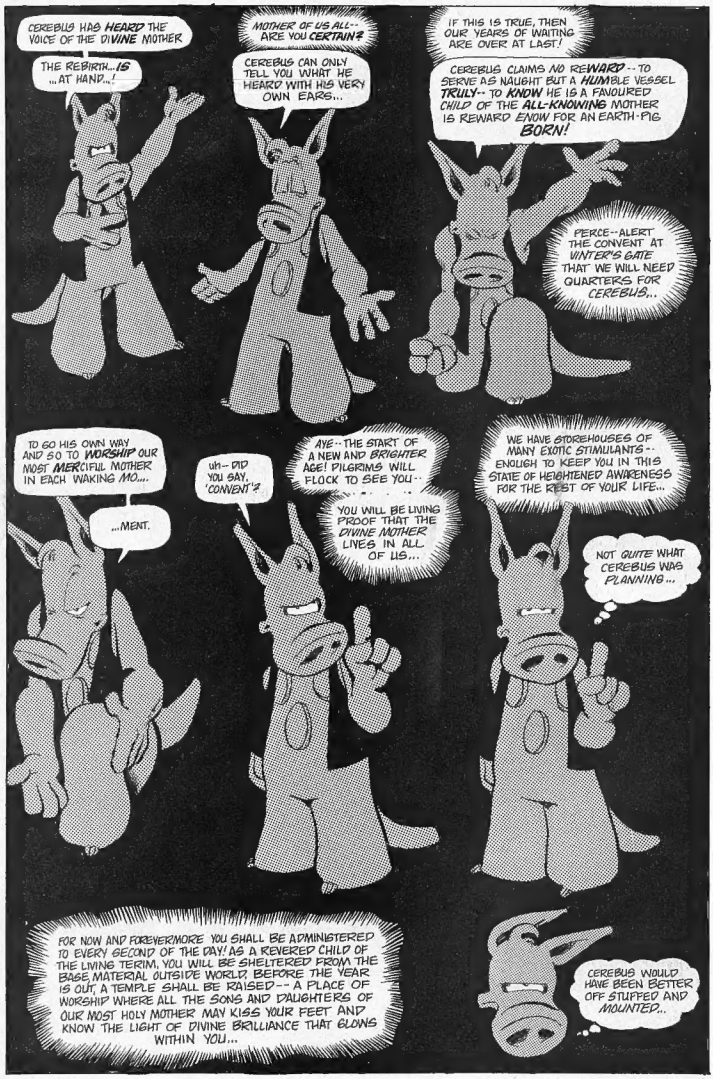
HE SEEMS TO BE **AWAKENING,** MOTHER WENDA
YOU MUST BE READY TO READ THE CARDS, PERCE HIS AWARENESS HAS BEEN HEIGHTENED BY THE DRUG...
BUT HIS PERCEPTIONS ARE VERY LIKELY TO BE **SYMBOLIC** IN NATURE...
I UNDERSTAND...
PRAISE THE HOLY MOTHER AND HER GREAT WORKS...
AND LET US PRAY THAT YOU HAVE FOUND AN ALLY FOR OUR CAUSE, PERCE...
IT WOULD BE A PITY TO HAVE TO DESTROY SO UNIQUE A CREATURE...

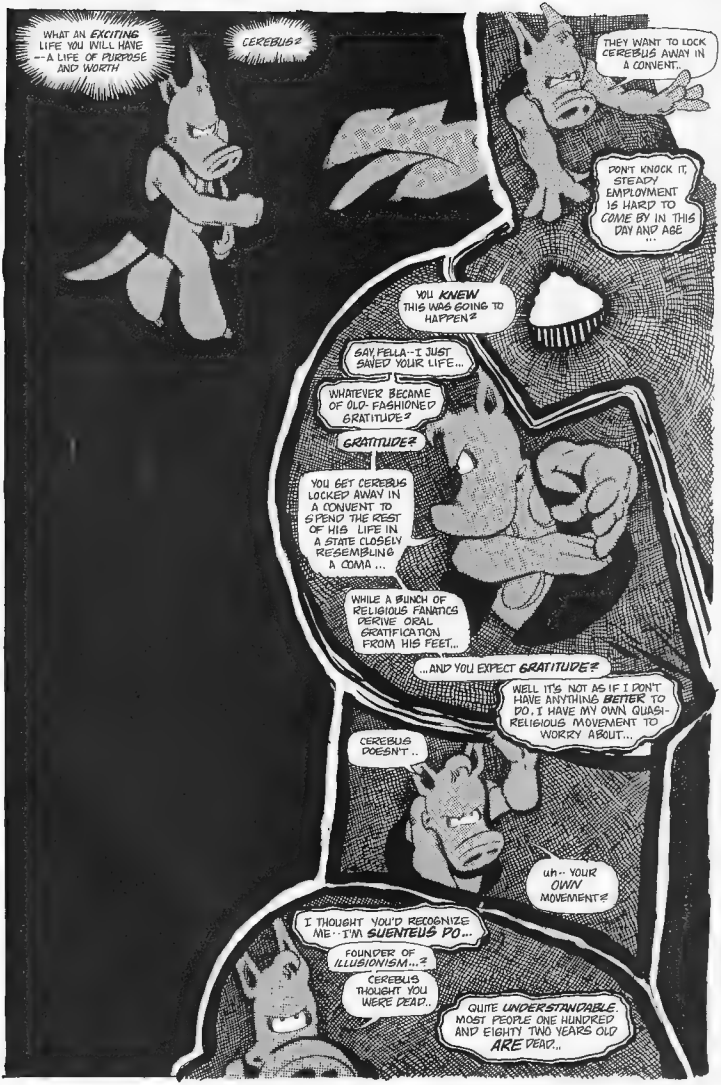

CEREBUS?
CEREBUS?
CEREBUS!
MM.
M-HM?
YO!
CEREBUS, WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS. PLEASE STAY CALM AND RELAXED...
YOU ARE LYING STILL. YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED AND YOU ARE ...
...DRUGGED. CEREBUS HAS HAD THE EXPERIENCE BEFORE...
GORT ?
HOW UNCONSCIOUS AM I?
BORDERLINE COMATOSE... IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU DESCRIBE EVERYTHING YOU SEE
IS THAT YOU, GORT..? QUIT FOOLING AROUND..
IT HAS TO BE GORT...
A SHIMMERING GRAY AREA IN LOTS OF BLACK
I CAN SEE YOU MOVING AROUND, GORT
GRAY DOESN'T SHIMMER...
YOU SAID DESCRIBE ...NOT EXPLAIN ...
HMM. A VOICE INSIDE
IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF TRICK ...
LOOK, GORT... IF YOU'RE MAD OR IF I'VE IN SOME WAY DONE SOME...
THING.
A VOICE INSIDE--PERCE GET THE CARDS READY... CALMLY NOW... CEREBUS --LISTEN CAREFULLY... I WANT YOU TO...
...FIND OUT WHAT IT'S SAYING... YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT...CEREBUS IS BORDERLINE COMATOSE, NOT DEAF...
CAN'T BE GORT... GORT HASN'T GOT FURRY HANDS...


CEREBUS?
CEREBUS?
HOW ODD HE SEEMS TO HAVE LAPSED INTO A VERY DEEP SLEEP...
THE PRIEST OF CUPS AND THE PRIESTESS OF SWORDS ARE IN OPPOSITION, MOTHER WENDA...
GO ON...
IT WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THAT CEREBUS IS A RANDOM FACTOR WITH IMMENSE AND DISRUPTIVE CAPABILITIES...
OR ELSE HE'S A SMALL EVERGREEN PLANT WITH PURPLE FLOWERS...
I THOUGHT GORT AND I WERE THE ONLY TWO IN TOSHTH WHO COULD REACH THE SEVENTH SPHERE
CEREBUS HASN'T BEEN MEDITATING
CEREBUS HAS BEEN DRUGGED!
REALLY?
SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS DRUG PEOPLE. MAYHAP IT'S SOMEONE I KNOW?
ONE IS CALLED PERCE...THE OTHER IS WENDA...
OH-OH! CIRINISTS! INNER CIRCLE, TOO! YOU'RE LUCKY ALL THEY DID WAS DRUG YOU... WHAT DO THEY WANT?
THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT WANTING TO KNOW CEREBUS' ROLE IN THE LARGER SCHEME OF THINGS...
DO YOU HAVE ONE?
NOT THAT CEREBUS KNOWS OF...
HMM. THEY'RE QUITE LIKELY TO KILL YOU THEN. LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND SOMETHING IN CIRIN'S BOOKS THAT WILL HELP YOU...
YOU NEED TO MAKE THEM BELIEVE YOU ARE TOO VALUABLE FOR THEM TO ELIMINATE...
DON'T GO AWAY NOW...
CEREBUS?
YOU DON'T SUPPOSE SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG, DO YOU?
IS HE SUPPOSED TO uh-- STOP BREATHING LIKE THAT?
I'M NOT SURE... I'VE NEVER USED THE DRUG ON SOMEONE BEFORE...
HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK HEALTHY DOES HE?
NO, HE DOESN'T...
TSK.
THAT'S A SHAME. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DO WITH THE BODY?
I SHOULD THINK WE COULD GET SOME MONEY FOR IT
HMM, AYE...
UNH?

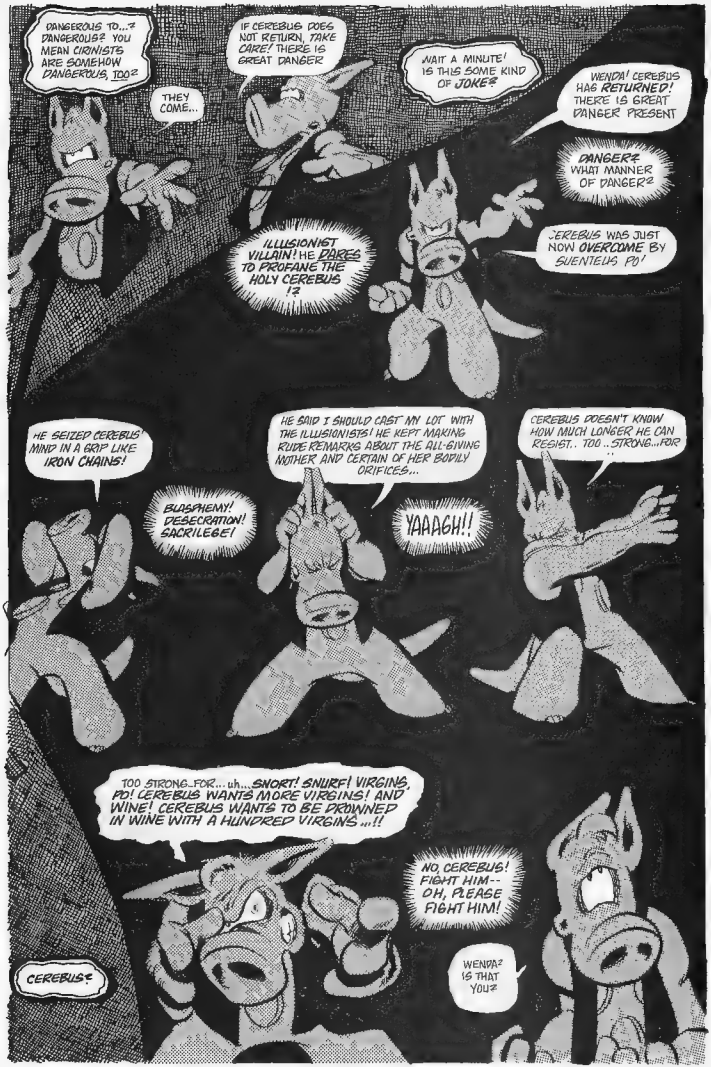

EXCUSE ME...
AH, CEREBUS-- WE WERE GETTING WORRIED ...
SO CEREBUS WAS HEARING.
WHAT DID THE VOICE SAY TO YOU?
IT ADVISED CEREBUS TO TRY REAL ESTATE AS A HEDGE AGAINST INFLATION. NOW-- DO YOU MIND EXPLAINING WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
WHY-- YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED FOR INITIATION INTO THE SACRED ORDERS OF THE DIVINE MOTHER ...
WHICH MEANS?
YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO SEEK OUT A REVELATION IN THE SEVENTH SPHERE --A SIGN FROM OUR DIVINE MOTHER ...
A SIGN THAT WILL SHOW THE WAY OF ILLUMINATION FOR ALL...
AND IF THE DIVINE MOTHER SHOULD HAPPEN TO JUDGE CEREBUS UNSUITABLE AS A MESSENGER?
WE'LL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU, OF COURSE.
CEREBUS DOESN'T MEAN TO RUSH YOU ...
IT WASN'T IN "THE NEW MATRIARCHY" SO IT HAS TO BE IN "DUALISM AS FALLACY"
I'M READING AS FAST AS I CAN...
AND THIS PASSAGE IS GOING TO IMPRESS THEM...?
CEREBUS?
I WISH HE WOULDN'T STOP BREATHING... IT'S A LITTLE UNNERVING ...
THEY'LL LOVE IT! TRUST ME -- IT'S THE REVELATION THAT THE INNER CIRCLE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR...
BY THE WAY-- WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF THIS DEAL?
ARE YOU JOKING?
THIS LOOKS LIKE MORE FUN THAN THE LAST FIVE PARTIES I ATTENDED ...

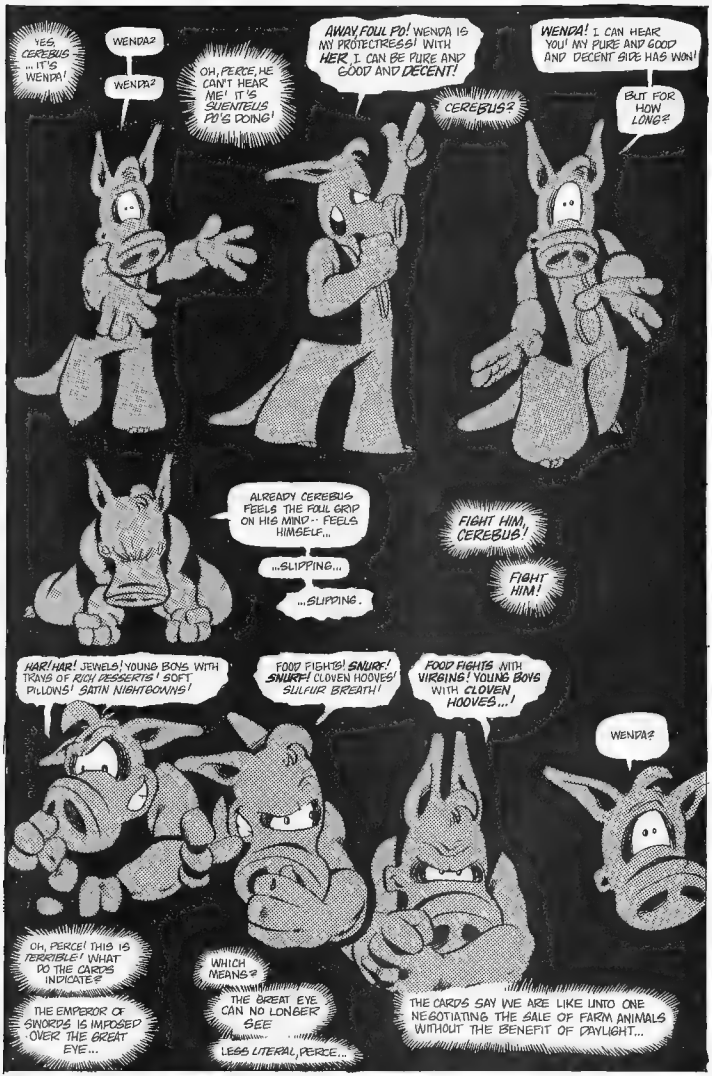

CEREBUS IS BACK AGAIN ...
HAVE YOU HEARD YET?
OF COURSE NOT! WHO KNOWS HOW MANY ACRES OF BLACK AND GRAY ARE OUT HERE?
CEREBUS COULD TAKE YEARS FINDING THE CORRECT REVELATION
UNFORTUNATELY, A NOVITIATE MUST DISCOVER THE SACRED WORD INSIDE OF AN HOUR OR HIS LIFE IS FORFEIT...
UH-HUM.
EXCUSE CEREBUS A MOMENT ...
HOW WELL DO YOU FUNCTION UNDER DEADLINE PRESSURE...?
I FOUND A QUOTE... BUT IT WASN'T THE ONE I WAS LOOKING FOR...
"THE KEY IS WITHIN THE FRAMEWORK OF THE FUN."
YOU CAN TRY IT OUT ON THEM IF YOU LIKE...
HMM.
WHAT IS THEIR REACTION LIKELY TO BE?
THEY'LL EITHER DRESS YOU IN A CHICKEN SUIT AND HOLD AN ANNUAL PARADE IN YOUR HONOUR...
...OR THEY'LL HAVE YOU STUFFED AND MOUNTED AT THEIR NEXT RITUAL SACRIFICE...
MAYHAP CEREBUS WILL WAIT UNTIL YOU FIND THE QUOTE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...
HERE IT IS -- "THE REBIRTH IS AT HAND"
IT WOULD SEEM THAT OUR SMALL FRIEND HAS LEFT US AGAIN...
...
WHAT DO THE CARDS INDICATE?
AN ASCENDING PRIEST OF CUPS IS COVERED BY THE PRIEST OF SWORDS
...
CEREBUS SHOULD AVOID STARCHY FOODS DURING A SOLAR ECLIPSE...


CEREBUS HAS HEARD THE VOICE OF THE DIVINE MOTHER
THE REBIRTH...IS ...AT HAND...!
MOTHER OF US ALL-- ARE YOU CERTAIN?
CEREBUS CAN ONLY TELL YOU WHAT HE HEARD WITH HIS VERY OWN EARS...
IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN OUR YEARS OF WAITING ARE OVER AT LAST!
CEREBUS CLAIMS NO REWARD -- TO SERVE AS NAUGHT BUT A HUMBLE VESSEL TRULY-- TO KNOW HE IS A FAVOURED CHILD OF THE ALL-KNOWING MOTHER IS REWARD ENOW FOR AN EARTH-PIG BORN!
PERCE--ALERT THE CONVENT AT VINTER'S GATE THAT WE WILL NEED QUARTERS FOR CEREBUS...
TO GO HIS OWN WAY AND GO TO WORSHIP OUR MOST MERCIFUL MOTHER IN EACH WAKING MO...
...MENT.
uh-- DID YOU SAY, 'CONVENT'?
AYE-- THE START OF A NEW AND BRIGHTER AGE! PILGRIMS WILL FLOCK TO SEE YOU--
YOU WILL BE LIVING PROOF THAT THE DIVINE MOTHER LIVES IN ALL OF US...
WE HAVE STOREHOUSES OF MANY EXOTIC STIMULANTS-- ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU IN THIS STATE OF HEIGHTENED AWARENESS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE...
NOT QUITE WHAT CEREBUS WAS PLANNING...
FOR NOW AND FOREVERMORE YOU SHALL BE ADMINISTERED TO EVERY SECOND OF THE DAY! AS A REVERED CHILD OF THE LIVING TERIM, YOU WILL BE SHELTERED FROM THE BASE, MATERIAL OUTSIDE WORLD. BEFORE THE YEAR IS OUT, A TEMPLE SHALL BE RAISED -- A PLACE OF WORSHIP WHERE ALL THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF OUR MOST HOLY MOTHER MAY KISS YOUR FEET AND KNOW THE LIGHT OF DIVINE BRILLIANCE THAT GLOWS WITHIN YOU...
CEREBUS WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF STUFFED AND MOUNTED...

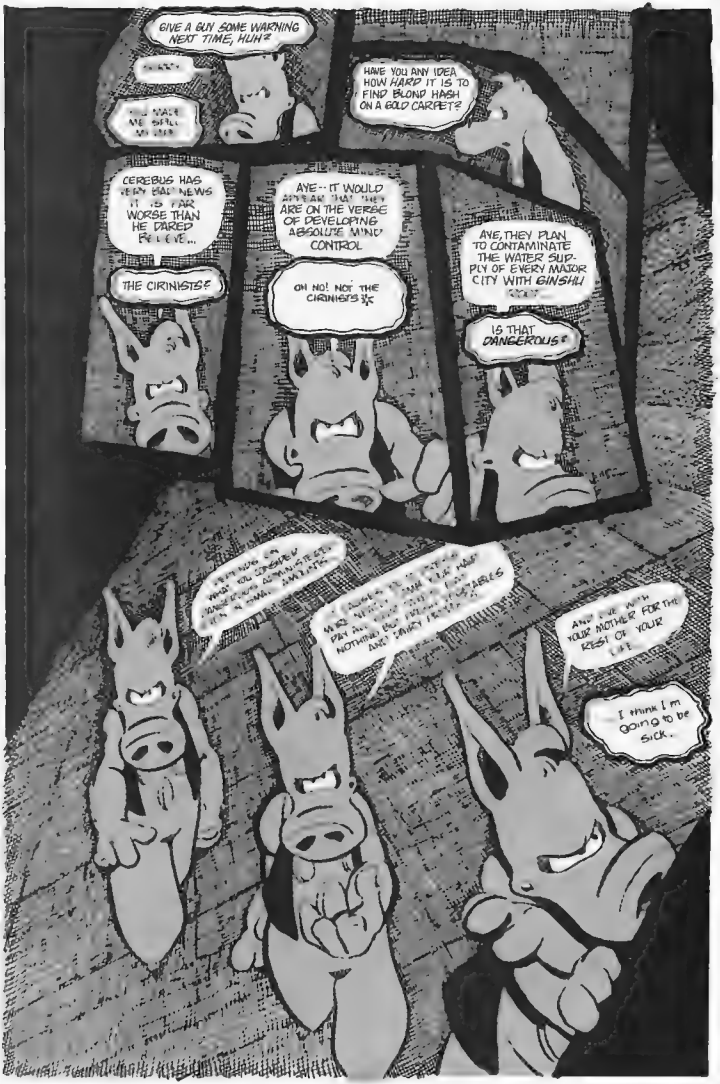

WHAT AN EXCITING LIFE YOU WILL HAVE --A LIFE OF PURPOSE AND WORTH
CEREBUS?
THEY WANT TO LOCK CEREBUS AWAY IN A CONVENT..
DON'T KNOCK IT, STEADY EMPLOYMENT IS HARD TO COME BY IN THIS DAY AND AGE ...
YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN?
SAY, FELLA--I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE...
WHATEVER BECAME OF OLD-FASHIONED GRATITUDE?
GRATITUDE?
YOU GET CEREBUS LOCKED AWAY IN A CONVENT TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A STATE CLOSELY RESEMBLING A COMA ...
WHILE A BUNCH OF RELIGIOUS FANATICS DERIVE ORAL GRATIFICATION FROM HIS FEET...
...AND YOU EXPECT GRATITUDE?
WELL IT'S NOT AS IF I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO, I HAVE MY OWN QUASI-RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT TO WORRY ABOUT...
CEREBUS DOESN'T..
uh.. YOUR OWN MOVEMENT?
I THOUGHT YOU'D RECOGNIZE ME..I'M SUENTEUS PO...
FOUNDER OF ILLUSIONISM...?
CEREBUS THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD..
QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE. MOST PEOPLE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO YEARS OLD ARE DEAD..

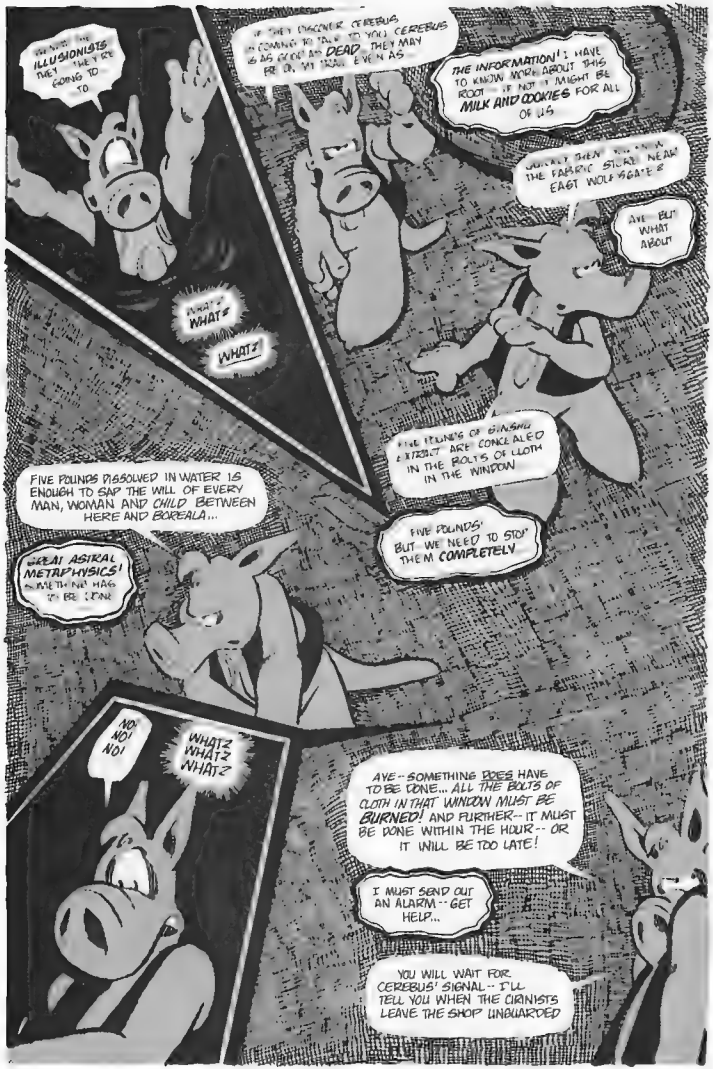
AS I WAS SAYING, I DON'T EXPECT A TESTIMONIAL FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE, BUT I SHOULD THINK YOU COULD AT THE LEAST...
ILLUSIONIST, EH? MAYHAP CEREBUS CAN YET ESCAPE THE IGNOMINIOUS FATE WHICH AWAITS HIM
IF YOU ARE TRULY SUENTEUS PB, THEN I HAVE NEWS OF CIRINIST PLANS WHICH MAY BE USEFUL...
PLANS? THE CIRINISTS HAVE PLANS? I THOUGHT THEIR ONLY GOAL WAS TO WIPE OUT FUN IN OUR LIFETIME...
THEY ARE NEARBY...IT IS DANGEROUS TO SPEAK RIGHT NOW... CEREBUS WILL RETURN WHEN HE CAN...

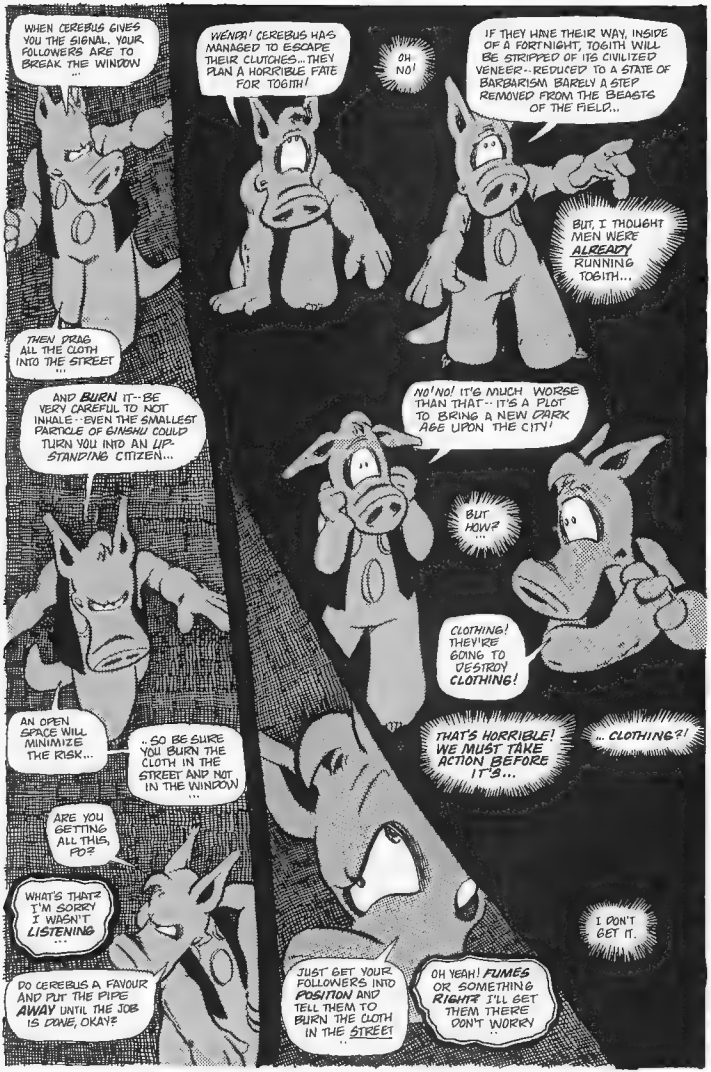

DANGEROUS TO...? DANGEROUS? YOU MEAN CIRINISTS ARE SOMEHOW DANGEROUS, TOO?
THEY COME...
IF CEREBUS DOES NOT RETURN, TAKE CARE! THERE IS GREAT DANGER
WAIT A MINUTE! IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?
WENDA! CEREBUS HAS RETURNED! THERE IS GREAT DANGER PRESENT
DANGER? WHAT MANNER OF DANGER?
ILLUSIONIST VILLAIN! HE DARES TO PROFANE THE HOLY CEREBUS !?
CEREBUS WAS JUST NOW OVERCOME BY SUENTEUS PO!
HE SEIZED CEREBUS' MIND IN A GRIP LIKE IRON CHAINS!
BLASPHEMY! DESECRATION! SACRILEGE!
HE SAID I SHOULD CAST MY LOT WITH THE ILLUSIONISTS! HE KEPT MAKING RUDE REMARKS ABOUT THE ALL-GIVING MOTHER AND CERTAIN OF HER BODILY ORIFICES...
YAAAGH!!
CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER HE CAN RESIST.. TOO ..STRONG...FOR
TOO STRONG..FOR... uh...SNORT! SNURF! VIRGINS, PO! CEREBUS WANTS MORE VIRGINS! AND WINE! CEREBUS WANTS TO BE DROWNED IN WINE WITH A HUNDRED VIRGINS...!!
NO, CEREBUS! FIGHT HIM-- OH, PLEASE FIGHT HIM!
WENDA? IS THAT YOU?
CEREBUS?


YES, CEREBUS ... IT'S WENDA!
WENDA?
WENDA?
OH, PERCE, HE CAN'T HEAR ME! IT'S SUENTEUS PO'S DOING!
AWAY, FOUL PO! WENDA IS MY PROTECTRESS! WITH HER I CAN BE PURE AND GOOD AND DECENT!
CEREBUS?
WENDA! I CAN HEAR YOU! MY PURE AND GOOD AND DECENT SIDE HAS WON!
BUT FOR HOW LONG?
ALREADY CEREBUS FEELS THE FOUL GRIP ON HIS MIND-- FEELS HIMSELF...
...SLIPPING...
...SLIPPING.
FIGHT HIM, CEREBUS!
FIGHT HIM!
HAR! HAR! JEWELS! YOUNG BOYS WITH TRAYS OF RICH DESSERTS! SOFT PILLOWS! SATIN NIGHTGOWNS!
FOOD FIGHTS! SNURF! SNURF! CLOVEN HOOVES! SULFUR BREATH!
FOOD FIGHTS WITH VIRGINS! YOUNG BOYS WITH CLOVEN HOOVES...!
WENDA?
OH, PERCE! THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT DO THE CARDS INDICATE?
THE EMPEROR OF SWORDS IS IMPOSED OVER THE GREAT EYE...
WHICH MEANS?
THE GREAT EYE CAN NO LONGER SEE
LESS LITERAL, PERCE...
THE CARDS SAY WE ARE LIKE UNTO ONE NEGOTIATING THE SALE OF FARM ANIMALS WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF DAYLIGHT...

YOU MUST LISTEN CAREFULLY, WENDA! CEREBUS HASN'T MUCH TIME...
I'M LISTENING...
THERE IS SOME SINISTER ILLUSIONIST PLOT AFOOT... THEIR MOST INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS ARE ALL GATHERED IN THE SEVENTH SPHERE...
CEREBUS' LOYALTY LIES WITH THE ALL-KNOWING MOTHER! IT IS FOR THIS REASON THAT CEREBUS IS WILLING TO RISK ALL TO DISCOVER THEIR PLAN...
ONCE CEREBUS ENTERS THE FIELD OF THEIR INFLUENCE HE IS LIKELY TO BE OVER-WHELMED BY SELF-INDULGENCE
THE ILLUSIONISTS ARE MASTERS OF HEDONISM -- ONE FALSE STEP AND CEREBUS COULD BE HAVING TOO MUCH FUN TO RESIST...!
IN SHORT..
THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME THAT YOU SEE CEREBUS AS HE IS NOW...
GRIM... REVERENT...
...RESPONSIBLE...
CEREBUS IS NOW GOING TO PERMIT HIMSELF TO SINK TO THE VERY DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY... TO EXPERIENCE FAITH-SAPPING PLEASURE AND DECADENCE... IT IS WITH SOMBER VISAGE THAT CEREBUS GOES...
THE HOLY MOTHER WILLING, THAT GRIMNESS WILL SEE CEREBUS THROUGH...
PRAY FOR CEREBUS, WENDA...
I WILL, CEREBUS YOU KNOW I WILL!
POP!


GIVE A GUY SOME WARNING NEXT TIME, HUH?
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND BLOND HASH ON A GOLD CARPET?
CEREBUS HAS VERY BAD NEWS IT IS FAR WORSE THAN HE DARED BELIEVE...
THE CIRINISTS?
AYE... IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THEY ARE ON THE VERGE OF DEVELOPING ABSOLUTE MIND CONTROL
OH NO! NOT THE CIRINISTS
AYE, THEY PLAN TO CONTAMINATE THE WATER SUPPLY OF EVERY MAJOR CITY WITH GINSHU
IS THAT DANGEROUS?
AND LIVE WITH YOUR MOTHER FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
I think I'm going to be sick.

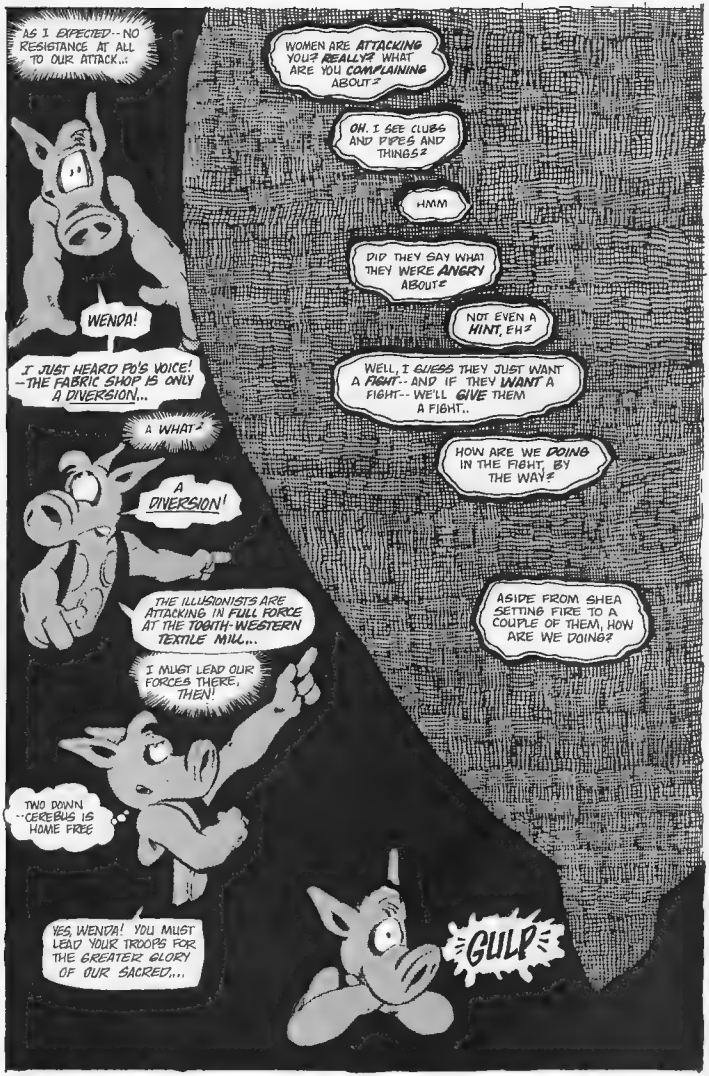

ILLUSIONISTS THEY THEY'RE GOING TO TO
IF THEY DISCOVER CEREBUS IS COMING TO TALK TO YOU CEREBUS IS AS GOOD AS DEAD THEY MAY BE IN MY SKULL EVEN AS
THE INFORMATION! I HAVE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS ROOT -- IF NOT IT MIGHT BE MILK AND COOKIES FOR ALL OF US
QUICKLY THEN -- TELL THE FABRIC STORE NEAR EAST WOLFGATE
AYE -- BUT WHAT ABOUT
WHAT?
WHAT?
FIVE POUNDS OF GINGKO EXTRACT ARE CONCEALED IN THE BOLTS OF CLOTH IN THE WINDOW
FIVE POUNDS DISSOLVED IN WATER IS ENOUGH TO SAP THE WILL OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD BETWEEN HERE AND BORBALA...
FIVE POUNDS! BUT WE NEED TO STOP THEM COMPLETELY
GREAT ASTRAL METAPHYSICS! SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE
NO! NO! NO!
WHAT? WHAT? WHAT?
AYE -- SOMETHING DOES HAVE TO BE DONE... ALL THE BOLTS OF CLOTH IN THAT WINDOW MUST BE BURNED! AND FURTHER -- IT MUST BE DONE WITHIN THE HOUR -- OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE!
I MUST SEND OUT AN ALARM -- GET HELP...
YOU WILL WAIT FOR CEREBUS' SIGNAL -- I'LL TELL YOU WHEN THE CIRNISTS LEAVE THE SHOP UNGUARDED

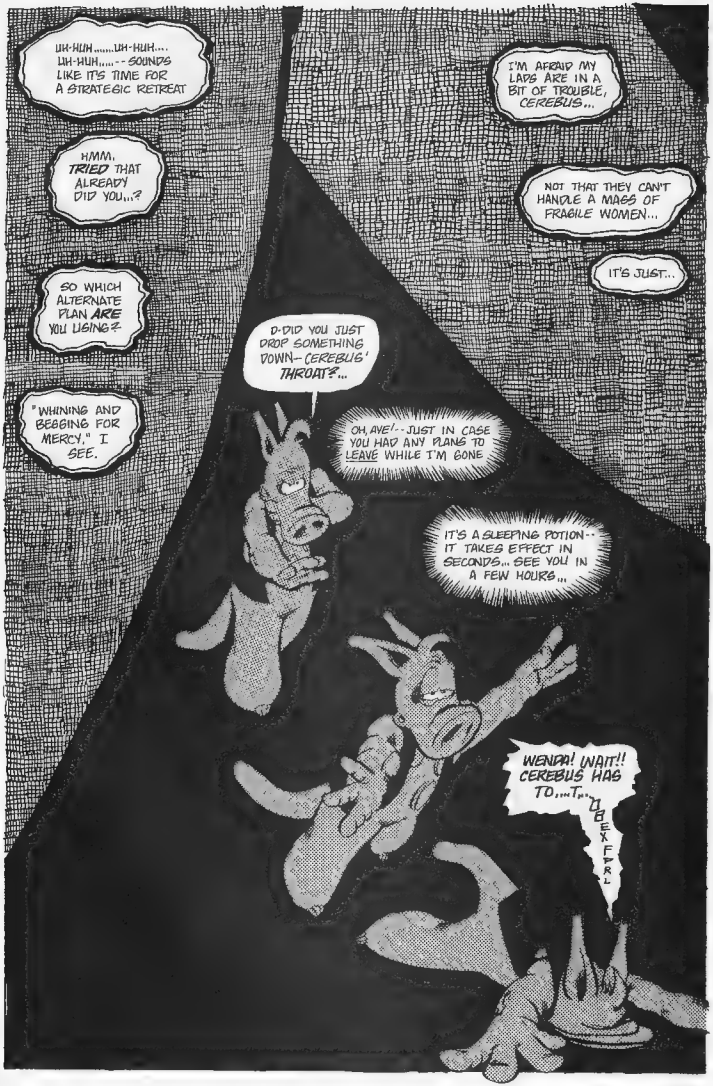

WHEN CEREBUS GIVES YOU THE SIGNAL, YOUR FOLLOWERS ARE TO BREAK THE WINDOW...
THEN DRAG ALL THE CLOTH INTO THE STREET...
AND BURN IT--BE VERY CAREFUL TO NOT INHALE--EVEN THE SMALLEST PARTICLE OF GINSHU COULD TURN YOU INTO AN UP-STANDING CITIZEN...
AN OPEN SPACE WILL MINIMIZE THE RISK...
..SO BE SURE YOU BURN THE CLOTH IN THE STREET AND NOT IN THE WINDOW...
ARE YOU GETTING ALL THIS, FD?
WHAT'S THAT? I'M SORRY I WASN'T LISTENING...
DO CEREBUS A FAVOUR AND PUT THE PIPE AWAY UNTIL THE JOB IS DONE, OKAY?
WENDA! CEREBUS HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE THEIR CLUTCHES..THEY PLAN A HORRIBLE FATE FOR TOGITH!
OH NO!
IF THEY HAVE THEIR WAY, INSIDE OF A FORTNIGHT, TOGITH WILL BE STRIPPED OF ITS CIVILIZED VENEER--REDUCED TO A STATE OF BARBARISM BARELY A STEP REMOVED FROM THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD..
BUT, I THOUGHT MEN WERE ALREADY RUNNING TOGITH...
NO!NO! IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN THAT--IT'S A PLOT TO BRING A NEW DARK AGE UPON THE CITY!
BUT HOW?...
CLOTHING! THEY'RE GOING TO DESTROY CLOTHING!
THAT'S HORRIBLE! WE MUST TAKE ACTION BEFORE IT'S...
...CLOTHING?!
I DON'T GET IT.
JUST GET YOUR FOLLOWERS INTO POSITION AND TELL THEM TO BURN THE CLOTH IN THE STREET..
OH YEAH! FUMES OR SOMETHING RIGHT? I'LL GET THEM THERE DON'T WORRY..

WHAT IS A HUMAN BEING WITHOUT HIS CLOTHES? LITTLE MORE THAN AN ANIMAL! AND THAT'S THE WAY THE ILLUSKNISTS WANT EVERYONE TO BE ...
Ah-- I BEGIN TO SEE!
IT'S A TWO-STAGE PLAN, FIRST, THEY DESTROY ALL THE RAW MATERIALS BY BURNING CLOTH, WRECKING LOOMS, SNAPPING NEEDLES, TANGLING THREAD, LAYING SIEGE TO LARGE TEXTILE MILLS, ASSASSINATING SHEEP...
HOW GHASTLY!
AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! ONCE THEY'VE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO REPLACE YOUR CLOTHING, THEN THE SQUADS OF WARDROBE MARAUDERS GO TO WORK -- BREAKING INTO HOMES AND PUTTING EVERY LAST BUTTON AND BOOTLACE TO THE TORCH...
MAY THE HOLY MOTHER HAVE MERCY ON US ....
BEFORE LONG THEY'LL BE SWARMING INTO THE STREETS, RIPPING THE CLOTHES OFF OF PASSERS-BY AND THROWING EVERY STITCH ONTO HUGE BONFIRES! NO ONE -- NO ONE -- WILL BE SAFE!!
THEY MUST BE STOPPED! BY THE SACRED BOOKS OF CIRIN -- THEY-MUST-BE-STOPPED!

THEIR FIRST TARGET IS GOING TO BE THE FABRIC STORE NEAR EAST WOLF'SGATE
BUT-- THAT'S JUST ACROSS THE STREET FROM HERE!
REALLY?!
WHAT AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE ...
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING, THO...
KEEP WATCHING. THEY SHOULD BE THERE...
ARE YOUR FORCES IN POSITION, PDZ
AYE! OH--AND GOOD NEWS --ALMOST HALF OF THEM ARE SOBER...
GIVE THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK...
RIGHT ABOUT NOW...
YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY'RE BREAKING THE WINDOW, DRAGGING BOLTS OF CLOTH INTO THE STREET! ...
PERCE-- QUICKLY! ALERT ALL OF OUR SISTERS-- OPEN WARFARE WITH THE ILLUSIONISTS! GO!
WHY--NO! THEY'RE JUST STANDING AROUND LOOKING AT IT...
ONE GONE-- ONE MORE TO GET RID OF...
ARE THEY BURNING THE CLOTH?
CLOVIS' LOBOTOMY SCAR...
NOW WHAT?

OH, WOW -- THEY FORGOT THE TORCH! -- I *TOLD* YOU GUYS -- I *SAID*, "REMEMBER TO BRING THE TORCH"...
SAY, CEREBUS -- IS IT OKAY IF THEY JUST RIP THE CLOTH TO SHREDS? ...
NO... WAIT... IT'S OKAY... SHEA BROUGHT A BOX OF MATCHES...
GOOD MAN, SHEA -- FIVE MORE LIKE YOU AND WE COULD TAKE OVER THE WORLD...
WENDA...
THERE ARE ALMOST TWO DOZEN ILLUSIONISTS OUT THERE WREAKING *HAVOC*...
ARE YOU SURE YOUR SISTERS WILL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM?
OH OF COURSE, I JUST WISH THEY WERE STURDIER ENEMIES -- LIKE THE HARD LINE *TARMITES*...
ILLUSIONISTS TEND TO BLOW OVER IN A STIFF WIND ...
THAT'S WHAT SURPRISES ME -- THE ILLUSIONISTS ARE HARDLY *EQUIPPED* FOR A MULTI-LEVEL *REVOLUTION!* I WONDER HOW PO MANAGED TO CONVINCE THEM THEY *WERE?*
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW EASY SOME GROUPS ARE TO *MANIPULATE*...
WHAT?
NOTHING.
CEREBUS WAS JUST THINKING OUT LOUD


AS I EXPECTED-- NO RESISTANCE AT ALL TO OUR ATTACK...
WENDA!
I JUST HEARD PO'S VOICE! --THE FABRIC SHOP IS ONLY A DIVERSION...
A WHAT?
A DIVERSION!
THE ILLUSIONISTS ARE ATTACKING IN FULL FORCE AT THE TOOTH-WESTERN TEXTILE MILL...
I MUST LEAD OUR FORCES THERE, THEN!
TWO DOWN --CEREBUS IS HOME FREE
YES, WENDA! YOU MUST LEAD YOUR TROOPS FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF OUR SACRED...
WOMEN ARE ATTACKING YOU? REALLY? WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT?
OH. I SEE CLUBS AND PIPES AND THINGS?
HMM
DID THEY SAY WHAT THEY WERE ANGRY ABOUT?
NOT EVEN A HINT, EH?
WELL, I GUESS THEY JUST WANT A FIGHT-- AND IF THEY WANT A FIGHT-- WE'LL GIVE THEM A FIGHT..
HOW ARE WE DOING IN THE FIGHT, BY THE WAY?
ASIDE FROM SHEA SETTING FIRE TO A COUPLE OF THEM, HOW ARE WE DOING?
GULP


UH-HUH.....UH-HUH....
UH-HUH.....--SOUNDS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR A STRATEGIC RETREAT
I'M AFRAID MY LADS ARE IN A BIT OF TROUBLE, CEREBUS...
HMM. TRIED THAT ALREADY DID YOU...?
NOT THAT THEY CAN'T HANDLE A MASS OF FRAGILE WOMEN...
IT'S JUST...
SO WHICH ALTERNATE PLAN ARE YOU USING?
D-DID YOU JUST DROP SOMETHING DOWN-CEREBUS' THROAT?...
"WHINING AND BEGGING FOR MERCY," I SEE.
OH, AVE!--JUST IN CASE YOU HAD ANY PLANS TO LEAVE WHILE I'M GONE
IT'S A SLEEPING POTION--IT TAKES EFFECT IN SECONDS... SEE YOU IN A FEW HOURS...
WENDA! WAIT!! CEREBUS HAS TO...T...
UGH
EXFARL

CEREBUS?
CEREBUS?

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
August 25, 1989

This advertisement appeared in the original Cerebus No. 20

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CEREBUS
bi-weekly
August 25, 1989
THE AARDVARKIAN AGE
Cerebus No. 20

This is the third appearance of the Aardvarkian Age by Michael Loubert

the aardvarkian age

by Michael Loubert

Last issue saw an excerpt from Lord Po's "The Book of Twenty-three." The following, also an excerpt from Po's book, recounts his exodus from Togrth

The barbarous Dagithans had stormed Togrth city, slipping in during a rain storm. Commanding an ad-hoc collection of young fire-eating nobles, Lord Po escaped amidst the sack. Shortly, they became aware of a large band of cavalry pursuing them.

I checked column order again. Good, they were learning some march discipline. Not enough to save us from a really bad string of luck, but then they hadn't the time to learn. At least those riders back there weren't Hafans. If they were we would have been all dead men by then.

My head didn't feel too clear, but this was no time for hemp. The good stuff was in the saddle-bags, but that was for an emergency.

I flung a glance back over my shoulder. Tion was still there, keeping an eye for stragglers. "Hey, Tion! Up front!" I remember chewing my lip, a gesture reserved for desperate situations.

Tion grunted. Not a man for words, Tion.

"Ah, you're here. Good lad. Tell me, what are our chances for survival?"

Tion rode for a bit, silent. Then he shook his head.

"Care to elaborate?" I enquired.

He grimaced. "They are northmen. No good ducking into woods." Another pregnant pause. "To Palnu, maybe. Doubt we'd make it."

I sighed heavily. "This calls for emergency measures!"

Tion grunted and spat, clearly disliking the theatrics.

I ignored him. Instead, I raised a war-horn to my lips and blew "Halt". Luckily, most the young aristos remembered what it meant.

At this point Lord Po digresses considerably. There are several pages describing the Togrthan countryside, and the means of preparing "bennaf", an Amstanatic-pharmaceutical. Its effects seem to be a cross between analgesic and euphoric. Finally, a manouvre is attempted, involving a stream and back-tracking through a section of woodlot. It fails, but buys Po's little blue-blood band some time.

We swarted them at the edge of the woodlot. I had admustered the bennaf but it had not taken effect yet.

I was nervous. I am always nervous before a fight, before the chemicals take over. Bennaf is good for that. I do not particularly like fighting - I can think of a million things much more worth-while - but sometimes folk just won't have it any other way.

We were not poorly equipped, being rich young men of a merchant principality. I carried a twelve-foot, iron-shod lance, called a 'cillach', for the charge, wielded with both hands. My scimitar CUWRIGD was for the melee, a good 'treaguson' of mesh and plate I wore for protection. We had all the optimism in the world, all twenty-three of us.

I heard a grunt, which bellowed out into an animal roar. Was it Tion? I was not sure, for my head felt light all of a sudden. I found myself grinning. I shook my head. The world was in sharp focus.

A glance at my troop, and my grin broadened. They were restless, shifting their weight in the saddle, shaking the 'cillach'. Tion was growling, but the rest were mostly quiet.

"Lord Po! The Dagithans! They approach!" Young Wef of Cerphinlor waved his cillach over his head ponderously.

And, by Dog, there they were. Somewhere in the back of my head a tiny voice said, "about a full strength Vanea, maybe a hundred souls all told," but the rest of my brain was playing this swelling music I could not quite place.

No matter. I blew the 'advance' and urged my horse forward. Then I took a good grip on the cillach and swung it down, partially couched under my right arm.

I felt very good. I wanted to break into a full gallop, but that would wind the horses. The sun seemed very bright. I could even smell the grass. We advanced in a ragged line, some muttering, some shouting. I bellowed a command, and we broke into a canter.

I could see them clearly, not so far away now. Dagithans, uncivilized. They were already disordered, dismayed by our steady advance. The music muttered away, stored in some hide-away in my brain. Wish I knew what it was.

We were almost there! We flattened out into a gallop. Tion roaring, Wef singing. I was shouting some nonsense in Gaelic. We surged forward. We were invincible! We would smash them down!

A Dagithan loomed before me, mounted on a huge farm-horse. He was screaming something, waving his short spear around. I caught him in the midriff, and off he flew. The cillach snapped in half, and I flung aside the ferrule. Some hairy barbarian trotted up to me on a pony, flung a javelin, I dodged, swept out CUWRIGD and slew him.

We stayed close togejher, as much we could. Generally, our weight of armour and horse was heavier, and the bennaf clouded our wounds and fatigue without slowing reaction. We cut our way through, and re-grouped at horn-call.

There were seventeen of us left. Wef was not there.

I think we might have taken two or three barbarians for every one of our dead. Maybe eighty left?

"Tall odds," I recall Tion remarking. "They are barbarians. They have no stomach for prolonged killing." I raised my voice, so all could hear. "Take your time to kill more! They fight for loot, our need is greater. We kill out of boredom!"

We cheered, closed ranks and charged them again. This time they broke, as I knew they would. They did not expect us to fight back. They were after a hunt.

Now they were the hunted. They broke, and we took our time killing them. I think Tion slew their chief. They broke, and they ran all the way to Togrth city.

We re-grouped again, this time alone on that bloody field. The bennaf were off that night, and a man died from his wounds. It was a bleary, tired dozen men that began the trek south to Palnu, in the early dawn hours.

As for myself, I lit up a pipe-full (it was about time) and began to think deep thoughts. There were possibilities in Parmoc

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CEREBUS
bi-weekly
August 25, 1989

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 20

AARDVARK COMMENT

- KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W6

Dear Friends:

Every last one of you must have known in your heart of hearts that we were only going to have a one page letter column this issue. You managed to restrain your typewriters admirably. In point of fact, you all did such a good job of not writing to us this issue that we almost didn't have enough to fill one page.

But next issue there is some GOOD NEWS.

We're going to have two pages of letters again.

I know you're all just as excited as you can be now that you've heard this, so why don't you all just plunk yourselves down with a clean piece of white paper and write a nice letter about anything having to do with Cerebus. Dumb questions, smart remarks, moronic puns, outright ass-kissing, we'll print it all.

Remember the address is AARDVARK COMMENT. Sorry, I fell asleep, Dave, but it won't happen again, Kitchener, Ontario.

I want a ratio of fan mail to bills of at least 3.1.

Dave Sim, perpetrator
CEREBUS THE AARDVARK

Dear Dave and Deni:

I imagine that you often get letters written with the standard quote "I've never written to a comic book before, but ..." Well this is another one of those. I adore your little grey critter. He's great. Even my wife enjoys him. You guys have filled my day, because I spent it sending money for the newsletter, Nucleus 1 and Black Zeppelin 1. I'm hooked. Next comes the T-shirt. Not only am I hooked but also, I am impressed by your folksy attitude and the stand you have taken by being committed to keeping Cerebus coming.

I'm sure that it would probably have been a lot easier to give up Cerebus and the headaches that have come through trying to deal with distribution, bounced checks and broken promises, but you've hung in there and you can be proud of that.

You have my encouragement and support for your efforts. Additionally my support means that I have subscribed to Cerebus. You at one time told us fans to support our comix shop. Well, he's doing real well and I feel a subscription will cancel distribution delays and give you some up-front cash. I know that it's no fun to bite the bullet about cash flow all the time.

Anyway, thanks a lot for increasing the quality of my life (pretty heady stuff eh!).

Give the Earth-Pig a pat on the head for me (if it's safe) and take care.

Randy Linder
3912 Dover
St. Louis, Mo. 63116

A pat on the head?! Are you kidding? If I wasn't the one who draws him, he wouldn't let me sit in the same room.

As to your comments on subscription vs. comic shop. We very much sympathize with your position and we are trying to find ways from our end to improve the flow of books from here to Brooklyn and on to the local shops. It takes ten days to print Cerebus and another week for the trucks to carry them right to the door of Sea-Gate distributors. Your best bet if you run a comic shop and want to get Cerebus on a regular basis is to call Phil Seuling or Jonni Leveas at Sea-Gate and arrange for a standing order to be shipped every month. That's Good Old Uncle Phil ,or Newlywed Aunt Jonni at (212) 232-4956. No collect calls, unless you live in Queens.

We would appreciate hearing from any comic shops having distribution problems with CEREBUS. We'll iron out as much as we can from this end.

* * *

Dear Dave and Deni:

I just finished Cerebus 19 and I had to write. I could see no other alternative. This had to be the best issue in recent memory. To be quite honest, the Palnu series was starting to drag a little, and a brief respite was in order. Don't get me wrong, I think Lord Julius is a great character, but he is also the longest running supporting character the mag has and I'm just not prepared for that.

What can I say about Henrot's return? It was excellent. Where did he get the Gerbies (!)? I know what he means about concentration, my first apprentice took up residence in a small petri dish. The squeaking is driving me nuts.

Seriously, though, the humor was back to expected standards. Page 12, panel 6 is a classic. The look of triumph and satisfaction on our aardvark's face was hysterical. The Gerbies (anyone we know?) really know how to frustrate one, don't they? Reminds me of MYcat.

Dave, I am amazed at the quality product you manage to put out on a monthly basis. Whereas a step-up in production would normally mean a drop in quality, you've actually improved. I hope this isn't a strain on you (the work, not this letter), because I'd rather see the book go bi-monthly than you have to forsake quality for quantity.

Anyway, I'm looking forward to 20 and who I say who is gonna be guesting in 21? (straighten up and look at me when I'm talking at ya, boy.)

Jon 'Starvin' Marvin
1230 Radom St. Unit 14
Pickering, Ontario L1W 3B8

Listen, son, how would it be if I was to go around giving away every dad-blasted thing that's going to happen in the book? Why inside o' six months I wouldn't be able to sell a copy of Cerebus if my life depended on it. I'd be washed up — finished, that is.

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
August 25, 1989

This advertisement appeared in the original Cerebus No. 20

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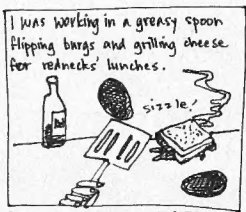
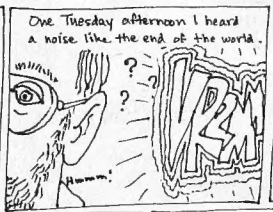
© EVAN DORKIN 2-11-89
THE BOYS ARE AT THE LOCAL D'AGOSTINOS SCARING UP SOME CASH TO HAVE FUN. BIG FUN.
EEEEE EEEYAAGH!!!
DIE ANCIENT ONE!!!
YOINK!
GASP!
M'HER!
THAT GOT HER! GRAB HER PURSE!
Love That D'Agostino's, Love That Dag-Dag-Dog
We gave that Crone A Stroke and Got her Bag-Bag-Bag
DINK DINK
CLATTER
K-DUNK!
DOINK!
THEY DON'T JUST HATE THE RICH--- NO SIR! SEE HERE... THEY ATTACK THE POOR AS WELL!!
HERE, POOR! JOB OFFERS! TONS O' JOBS
UNEMPLOYMENT LINE
HA HA HA! WE LIE! READ OUR DEMORALIZING HANDBILLS! HA HA HA!
YOU LOSER
YOU'RE FIRED
YOU'RE NOT HIRED
YOU'RE NOT HIRED
YOU LOSER
NO JOBS 2 YOU
GO VERY HUNGRY
LIVE FOOD-- DIE POOR
I HAVE 2 JOBS
NO JOB
QUICK STOP BACK HOME FOR "A CURRENT AFFAIR!"
WE ASKED SHERRIF BUTTS IF HIS DEPUTIES ARRIVED BEFORE OR AFTER THE SHEEP---
GOOD QUESTION.
INDEED. BRAVO, MAURY POVICH. WE SALUTE YOU.
SEARCHING THE PHONE BOOK-- I HAVE A VICTIM!
A NAME!!! I MUST HAVE A NAME!!!
PUTNAM! B. PUTNAM!!!
HE IS THE MAN!
THEN LET US MOVE! IN MAURY'S NAME, LET THINGS GET OUT OF HAND!
B. PUTNAM! WE ARE HERE TO PERFORM AN ACT OF RANDOM VIOLENCE! (NICE APARTMENT)
WHA- WHO ARE YOU?!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
AH. TWO GOOD QUESTIONS. YOU MUST WATCH "A CURRENT AFFAIR."
I AM MILK. HE IS CHEESE.
BURN
WE DO AS WE PLEASE.
SKIN
BUT... THIS IS CRAZY--- I'VE DONE NOTHING TO YOU--- NOTHING! STOP THIS!!!
HMMM... THAT IS TRUE...
...LET ME THINK IT OVER WHILE CHEESE BEATS YOU WITH A BASEBALL BAT.
WAK WAK WAK THUMP WAK
YES, B. PUTNAM YOU'VE DONE NOTHING... BUT IN AN INCREASINGLY UNCARING -WORLD... WHAT CAN WE DO? NO ONE IS AN INNOCENT!!! B-PUTNAM--- OUR EXPIRATION DATES ARE UP-
WE CAN DO ANYTHING!!!
IKES! '89

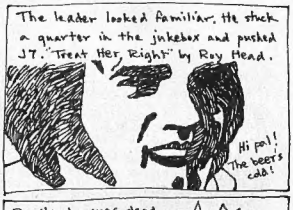
"PIRATE CORPSE", A PUNK/SKA/STOOPID KOOL SCI-FI COMIC BOOK I (EVAN DORKIN) WRITE & DRAW IS BACK AND AVAILABLE FROM SLAVE LABOR GRAPHICS. IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE FINDING IT, (AND YOU WILL) BUG YOUR STORE OR CONTACT SLAVE AT 983 S. BASCOM AVE SAN JOSE CA 95128!

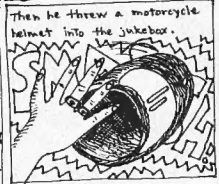
some things That I KNOW about elvis

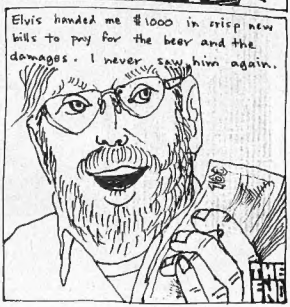
Elvis and me? Well I met him once. I'd been hitch-hiking across the country, and I'd got as far as Mobile, Alabama. The rides and the money had run out so I took a job...






The leader looked familiar. He stuck a quarter in the jukebox and punched J7. "Treat Her Right" by Roy Head.
Hi pal! The beers cold!

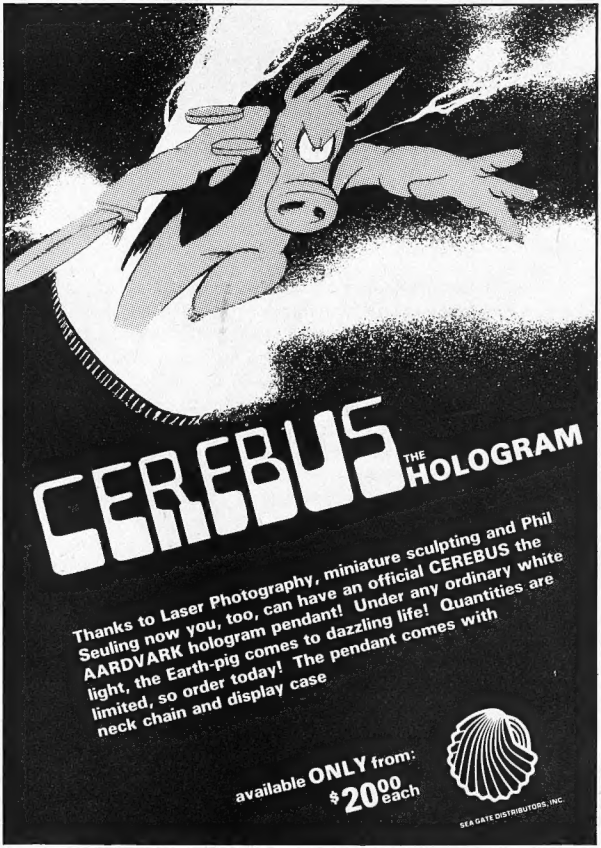




Something I know about Elvis on a single page by david k.

a short story by David Kidney

This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 20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MIND GAME

THE NEXT TEN ISSUES OF CEREBUS WILL FEATURE THE STORY OF THE FIGHT FOR THE SOUL OF THE FEMALE FORM, AND ITS EFFECTS ON THE MEN AND WOMEN INVOLVED. HISTORICALLY, THE FIGHT STARTED WITH THE ILLUMINATION TO CHEESE, FOR SOME INFLIGHT ONLY FILM. THE NEXT PHASE, IS A SIXTY-FOUR - NOT ONLY TO FIND OUR OWN ILLUMINATION, BUT TO GIVE IT TO OTHERS. AND FINALLY, THE FIGHT FOR THE SOUL OF THE FEMALE FORM WILL BE RESOLVED IN HER HANDS...

CAVE!
THE NEW MARTARDOM

AH MONTHS AGO, FELINA'S GRANDLADY

I UNDERSTAND.

NO, GRANDMA, NO MARRIAGE, NO MONDER MENDS.

FINE, MOTHER WORKS.

YOU MUST BE REPUTE TO BE WEIRD, WORKS TO BE WEIRD, IN TO BE PHYSIC.

AND LET YOU PAINT FOR OUR DOME, PEKES.

IT WOULD BE A PITY TO HIDE TO DISCRETION SO SUBLIME A CHARACTER.

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